

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 14, NO. 49.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1897.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Always read Gray's ad. It will interest you.

The little boy of W. D. Harrigan is very ill with measles.

See Gray's muslin underwear prices this week. You will find them in his ad.

St. Augustine's Guild will meet with Mrs. J. D. Day, Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Gray's clearing sale is doing the work. Come and see how it's done.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kearns, of the South Side, Sunday night.

Mrs. Dr. Sanborn, of Eagle River, is in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. Ed. Brown.

Have your eyes examined by the graduate optician at Segerstrom's this week. Examination free.

The best investment you could make would be the values Gray is offering at his semi-annual clearing sale.

Miss Lynne Combs, teacher of the Tomahawk Lake school visited with the family of Sylvanus Kelley last week.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church will meet next Wednesday evening, Feb. 3, with Mrs. Sam S. Miller.

Wineburgh, the optician, is at Segerstrom's this week and will make regular visits to Rhinelander hereafter every six weeks.

Why buy shelf worn, out-of-date dress goods at advertised sales when the Cash Department Store is selling strictly new goods at a much less price?

Ulysses G. Dake, practical optician of fifteen years experience, will be at the City Hotel, for one week, commencing Jan. 27. Those wishing their eyes fitted should give him a trial.

Old goods which were the rage two to five years ago are no longer in style. Why buy them? They are high at any price. The Cash Department Store has new goods at far lower prices.

T. B. Ward and wife, of Carthage, South Dakota, arrived Sunday for a visit with the family of W. M. Langley. They returned Wednesday night. Mr. Ward is Mrs. Langley's brother.

Anyone who would wish to consult Wineburgh, the optician, and cannot call at Segerstrom's will please address F. B. Leonard, Rapids House, and he will make arrangements for him to call.

Lawrence Doyle has slabs, hardwood for sale. Those wishing anything in the wood line can leave orders at Crane & Fenelon's and he will attend to them.

At Union church next Sunday Christian Endeavor Day will be observed by a special service at 7:30 p. m. At the morning service the pastor will preach on this topic: "The Sin which is Making Most of Ruin in Rhinelander."

Thirty-eight degrees of extreme cold was too much for several water pipes Monday, and the plumber's services were in great demand. The pipe in Beardon's drug store broke Sunday and flooded the floor for several hours before the water could be turned off. A similar breakage in a pipe in the Morgan House turned the dining room floor into a skating rink in a very short time.

A meeting of the entire congregation of the Union Congregational church is called for this evening, (Thursday) to act upon the resignation of Rev. J. H. Chandler, appoint a committee to secure his successor and take up other business which would naturally be in order at such a time. A full attendance is requested, as a good committee is desired.

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1896. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to the sex: "The best remedy for colds, coughs and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 remedy never fails to give perfect relief. Price 25 and 50 cents; sold at Drug Store.

A ten pound girl arrived at the home of Clarence VanOrder Tuesday night.

FOR SALE—Yoke of cattle, weight about 4200. Cheap for cash. Call on Felix Dolan, Rhinelander, Wis. 21

F. J. Stevens left Monday for Southern points where he will talk lumber to buyers of the product. He represents John Godkin.

Form—Watch. Owner will call on Tom McDermott, Chief of Police, prove property, pay for this notice and it will be returned.

Day by day the people of Rhinelander are learning who the truthful advertisers are, and show their appreciation by patronizing the Cash Department Store.

Dr. Clay Kaiser, a graduate of the Physio Medical College, of Chicago, will be at the City Hotel for one week, commencing Jan. 27. He makes a specialty of all chronic diseases.

At the Baptist church Sunday the morning theme will be "The Peace of God." In the evening in place of the usual sermon a helpful and interesting service of Bible reading and hymn singing will be given.

People are getting sick of fake stores conducting fake sales. They prefer to spend their money where everything is marked in plain figures and strictly one price prevails.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

O. M. Stafford, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., was in the city the first of the week. Mr. Stafford is in the pulpwood supply business, and has a crew of thirty men at work in the above city.

E. C. Wineburgh, the graduate optician, of Ashland, is at Segerstrom's jewelry store this week. Anyone desiring the attention of a skilled optician will do well to call and consult him. Examination free.

Rev. Chandler has accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational church at Owatonna, Minn., and will leave for that city with his family about the middle of February. Owatonna is a city of six thousand inhabitants and Rev. Chandler will preach to a congregation of two hundred and fifty members.

George Clayton, of Rhinelander, and Chas. LeForge, of Rockford, Ill., were in the city the fore part of last week on business. Mr. Clayton will saw the logs which Jas. McKinley is putting in for Mr. LeForge's company, at his mill in Rhinelander. Vilas County News.

J. A. Cushman entered the service of Uncle Sam Sunday morning at 2:00 a. m. His was the lowest bid received by the postoffice department for carrying the mail to and from the depots in answer to their proposition for bids for the service. Ten applications were sent in. Cushman is a good man for the position and will faithfully fulfill the requirements.

The fire whistle sounded again Monday night. The wrong number was given from the alarm box and the boys and apparatus went tearing up to the North Side. No fire being there they returned and on the way back heard the right number. The blaze was in the partition next the chimney in the South Side school building and was promptly extinguished.

M. J. O'Reilly, who has been connected with the Brown Bros. Lumber Co. for years, in capacities ranging from bookkeeper to head man, has decided to engage in the lumber business for himself at Osceola Mills. The outlook for a retail yard at that place has been exceptionally good, and M. J. has taken advantage of it. A first-class stock will be carried and under Mr. O'Reilly's management it will prove an important factor in the business interests of that place. In his new field of labor he has the hearty well wishes of a host of friends who wish him success.

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of Wm. H. Penn, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion and am subject to frequent severe attacks of indigestion, of the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 remedy never fails to give perfect relief. Price 25 and 50 cents; sold at Palace Drug Store.

Casper Faust received a fine span of black horses last Saturday from Chicago, which he will use in connection with his electric light business. He purchased them while in that city last week.

Sam Forbes, of Antigo, a pretty good judge of horseflesh and a man who always gives the poor farmer the best of it in a trade, was in town yesterday. He disposed of two teams and it is said that Sam Marks is one of the lucky men.

"The Philosopher" is the name of a neat and tasty publication, printed monthly at Wausau, by Edgar T. Wheelock and William H. Ellis. Vol. 1, No. 1, is as fine a specimen of the printer's art as is often seen, and is uniform in style of printing, paper and binding with the "Clap Book." It is also a monthly publication. The new book is entertaining and several up-to-date writers contribute to its pages. The price is one dollar per year or ten cents per copy. We wish the publishers success in their undertaking.

Frank Pingry was at Menominee, Mich., Monday and Tuesday looking after a stock of lumber for Day, Daniels & Pierce. Mr. Pingry says there will be six or eight lumbermen from that place here today. They will go over to Jeffris tomorrow to investigate the steam log hauler which Mr. Jeffris has hauling logs from his camps to the mill in place of teams. The engine sets on runners which run in a rut on an ice road. It is claimed it will draw six loads at the rate of ten miles an hour. This engine, if it works as well as they claim for it, will do away with a great many teams as it is said to haul logs ten miles for a dollar a thousand, which is a good deal less than half what it would cost to haul with teams.

F. N. Jaynes, manager for John Godkin, the Bay City lumberman in this city, last week received the blue prints and drawings of a new mileage book which he has invented that has been approved of by the big railroad printing firm of Poole Bros., of Chicago. The book is so arranged that it is but one-half as bulky as those now in use, owing to an ingenious arrangement of arrows and figures on the mileage strip. The conductor is enabled with this book to instantly detach the required amount of mileage, with scarcely any trouble in the way of computation. The cover will accommodate any number of strips of mileage of 1000 miles each, the strips being detachable to be put in place by an authorized agent of the issuing company. It is non-transferable in the proper sense of that term, and commends itself to the passenger associations for that reason. Mr. Jaynes will receive a small fortune in the way of royalties when his book is put on the market.

Light for Minoqua.

The Rhinelander Iron Co. closed a deal Tuesday for supplying a one thousand light dynamo and an engine and boiler for an electric light plant at Minoqua, which is to be put in immediately. The engine was shipped Tuesday and the dynamo will go tomorrow. The Iron Company have a good thing in their dynamo, which is considered by experts to be as good an incandescent machine as any on the market, and it is made entirely by the company, who control the patents. Several of these dynamos are in operation in this vicinity and they have given good satisfaction. One is in use daily at the Kirk Box Factory and it gives good service.

Hurt by an Explosion.

The explosion of the fire-back in the range at E. G. Squier's house Sunday morning resulted disastrously for Ed., who was standing near the stove. A fire had been built in the range and when Ed. came in he put in some more wood. It was while waiting for the heat to come up that the explosion took place. The range was of steel and parts of it were thrown through the ceiling. The back of the range hit Ed. in the left leg, piled him up on the floor, and his injured member was soon swollen to twice its natural size. The servant girl, who was standing near, was struck down by the force of the shock, but did not sustain injury. The stove was entirely demolished. Ed. will be on crutches for some days before he entirely recovers from the accident.

FOR SALE—We have a few sets of second-hand sleighs, but as good as new. Will be sold very cheap. ROGERS & LORIE.

Married.

COLE—DOUGLASS—At the home of the bride's parents, Saturday evening, January 23, at 9 o'clock, occurred the marriage of Mr. Samuel W. Cole and Miss Edna Douglass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Douglass. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. A. Sheard, of the M. E. church, in the presence of a few intimate friends of the contracting parties. The young couple are well and favorably known to our people who will be pleased to hear of the event. The bride is a most excellent young lady, who has lived in Rhinelander for a number of years, and is held in high esteem by her many friends and acquaintances, who admire her for her excellence of character, and cheerful disposition. She graduated from our high school with the class of '95, since which time she has been engaged as deputy register of deeds.

Mr. Cole is an old employee of the firm of Spafford Cole and has many friends who congratulate him upon his good fortune. He is steady, saving and industrious and married life will not detract any from his good qualities. The couple will reside with the parents of the bride. The New North extends hearty congratulations.

Last evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, Alban St., Miss Carrie Bates and Mr. Frank A. Goolsby were married by Rev. Geo. A. Cressey.

The bride is well known and has a host of friends and well wishes. The bridegroom is one of our best young men and is a valued employee of the C. & N. W. Ry. at the city station. The guests were numerous and many handsome gifts gave proof of the high esteem in which the happy pair are held.

Miss Della Slater, of McNaughton, acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Fred T. Bloom, of Pennington, as groomsmen.

Among the many presents were a handsome dinner set, a large stand lamp, a plush couch, card table and spread, card set and cake plate, set of table linen, cake basket, toilet case, and other presents too numerous to mention.

Mr. John R. Atkinson and Miss Lillie Bouck, of Cavour, Forest Co., were married yesterday by Rev. Geo. A. Cressey, at his home.

Monday evening, the 25th inst., at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. J. Bennett, in Pennington, Mr. Charles L. Wherrett and Miss Ethel Adella Barker, both of Stevens Point, were married by Rev. Geo. A. Cressey.

The Green Bay Gazette announces that within a week work will be commenced upon a railroad to be constructed between that city and West Superior, the counties to be traversed according to the present plan, being Brown, Shawano, Langlade, Lincoln, Oneida, Price, Sawyer, Bayfield and Douglas.

Something New in the Saw Line.

The atmosphere seems to be right in this city for those possessed of inventive genius for no less than a dozen inventions of various degrees of merit have been gotten up here within the past year. The latest and one of more than common interest is that of James McKeljohn. It is an endless chain cross-cut saw and is novel in its action. It is made for sawing through big timber and when laid across a log will go through it in about thirty seconds. The saw is more especially adapted for work in the West on the big timber which abounds in that region. It is made to cut down trees of any size up to ten feet in diameter and saw them up in desired lengths, and in this work is far ahead of any apparatus constructed for a similar purpose.

The saw teeth travel around a fixed frame about three and one-half feet long and six inches high, rounded at the ends and about as thick through as an ordinary rotary. Power is transmitted by a sprocket wheel at the shaft end of the blade. The saw can be raised or lowered at will and in use is simply rested on the log and quickly does its work. It has been put to a practical test in Brown Bros' planing mill and proved its efficiency.

Compressed air, electricity or steam can be used to operate the saw. By using an extended shaft it can be used to cut off piles under water.

A. W. Brown is jointly interested with Mr. McKeljohn in the new invention.

Hazeburst.

Mrs. Frank Slinger is visiting in Warrens.

A very pleasant party of young folks assembled at Mr. and Mrs. Manthly's home Monday last and a very enjoyable time was spent.

Messrs. Joe and Jas. S. Timlin drove to Minoqua Sunday.

Mr. Sandy Bowen and lady drove to Arbor Vitae Saturday night and attended the dance.

Mr. Gus Mundt drove to Minoqua early Sunday morning returning on the train.

Mr. John Williams was in town Monday.

On account of the C. M. & St. P. train being late Sunday the boys only had a short time in Minoqua.

Mr. James Powell, who has been kept indoors on account of a severe cold, is able to be about again.

The M. W. A. held their regular meeting Sunday night.

Thirty below zero is not relished by the boys as one was heard to remark Monday morning, "that it was quite cold." But the weather is moderating.

Coxy has shaved off his mustache and during the cold snap was telling those who were lucky enough to possess one that its amputation would prevent the frost gathering thereon. Coxy is a fair imitation of the Indian when

"Let the poor Indian of untutored mind, Shaved off his whiskers to cheat the wind."

One of our neighbors, who is the possessor of a fine Gordon setter, purchased a training collar with little brads on the outside that resemble a sharpened lead pencil point. The gentleman claims that by the use of the aforesaid collar he can train his dog to do anything. Our esteemed physician, who is also a judge of canine flesh and the owner of a spaniel of rare breed, agrees with him from a medical standpoint and is going to purchase one himself and with collars and dogs there won't be a thing, not even a fish, safe in the country next season.

Mr. August Oestrich was in Wausau Wednesday last.

Mr. Geo. A. Beech, who at one time had charge of the box factory and planing mill, passed through here Tuesday enroute to Star Lake.

Rev. Mr. Savage held religious services in the Town Hall Sunday a. m.

Mr. Jesse Sipes was again lucky, winning another horse in a raffle.

Mr. John M. Vivian, of Hancock, Mich., has accepted the position of stenographer in the office of the Yawkey Lumber Co.

Mr. Chas. Steel was in Rhinelander and Merrill last week.

A Letter to Dr. Derdger, Oculist.

Office of President of State Normal School.

Oshkosh, Wis., May 11, 1891.

Dr. LOUIS DERDGER:

DEAR SIR—Having suffered much from impaired sight and inflammation of the retina during the last few years, it is but just to your skill and careful attention to say that, after three examinations and as many changes in glasses, by one of the most skilled oculists in the country, the glasses fitted by you are the first to afford real relief to me. Since receiving them there has been a steady decrease in pain, and a great clearing in vision for which I had almost ceased to expect relief.

Very truly yours,

F. S. ALBEE.

Dr. Derdger will be at the Rapids House, Rhinelander, Feb. 2. Consultation free.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Some talk has been made that H. P. Gifford, of the Postal Telegraph Co., is running a "bucket shop." He wishes it thoroughly understood that he is not. He is doing a legitimate grain, provision and stock commission business; all trades are placed on the Board of Trade in Chicago. He has direct connection with Minneapolis, Chicago and New York Exchanges. Every change of the markets are shown on his boards and all news of importance is received and sent, making it an interesting place to visit. A market letter is received every afternoon at the close of the day's business and opinions for the following day. Grains, etc., can be bought outright or future options may be dealt in. Grains can be bought in lots of 100 bushels and upwards on a margin of 1 per cent. Pork, lots of 50 barrels and upwards, margin 25 cents or more, etc. This gives anyone a chance to start a small speculation.

Sheely After Daniels.

Sheely thinks that Daniels is hock full of white feathers. Where can he fight for stake money? I will stop him in six rounds for all game receipts, any where he goes. Will punch the bag 20 times oftener than he can in twenty minutes time, in two weeks. Please try me on. JOE SULLIVAN.

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Lumber Notes.

The Rib River Lumber Co., of Rhinelander, is departing a little from the ordinary this year in having a lady for an eastern representative. Her name is Mrs. Van Cise, and her headquarters are at Newark, N. J. She is the widow of the late Murray S. Van Cise, who for some years past has represented the Rib River Lumber Co. in the east. He was a good salesman and very popular with the eastern trade, but overwork undermined his brain, bringing on an attack of paresis, which resulted in his death December 31 last. His last letters to the Rib River Lumber Co. were written November 16 and from them it was very plain that his mind was affected, as they consisted merely of a mass of unconnected statements. He was soon afterwards placed in an asylum and given the best of care, but he passed away on the last of the year. Mrs. Van Cise has always taken a great interest in her husband's work, opening his mail when he was away and forwarding orders to him. She also frequently made trips on the road with Mr. Van Cise and consequently is acquainted with the trade. After the death of her husband she suggested to the Rib River Lumber Co. that she be allowed to represent them and continue the work of her late husband, and knowing her to be a woman of exceptional business ability, the company accepted and now has the distinction of being one of the few lumber concerns represented by a lady.

One of the nicest stocks of lumber at Rhinelander is that of John Godkin, an old-time Michigan and Wisconsin lumberman and pine land owner. He resides at Bay City, and also has a wholesale yard at North Tonawanda, N. Y. He has logged in the vicinity of Rhinelander for three or four years past and had a stock sawed for him there. At present he has a stock of about 7,000,000 feet of good white pine, band sawed and cut full thickness for the trade both east and west. He grades for all markets, and is in a position to handle orders from any section of the country. Fremont N. Jaynes is manager for Mr. Godkin's business at Rhinelander. Mr. Jaynes is pretty well known to the trade in the Missouri river valley, especially in Neb., where he was in business a number of years, and covered as a traveling salesman for much longer.

Mr. Jaynes is a native of Vermont, but when very young removed with his parents to Oshkosh, in which town it was impossible in those days for a child to grow up without becoming a lumberman or a cash and door manufacturer. His father was a planer of Oshkosh, having settled there originally back in the 40's. He was also postmaster of the town in its early days, and was one of its most prominent citizens. So Fremont N. Jaynes, developing a taste for handling lumber, when a young man of 22, in 1879 began his career as a lumberman in St. Paul in the employ of Eugene Smith, at that time a wholesaler there. A year later he went to Stevens Point, Wis., as manager of the Stevens Point office of E. T. Sumwalt of St. Paul. In 1881, Mr. Jaynes started out on the road for the Rust-Owen Lumber Co. of Drummond, Wis., and the concerns allied with it, the Westville Lumber Co., of Eau Claire and the Superior Lumber Co., of Ashland. Mr. Jaynes sold lumber on the road and looked after the building up of the line yards of these concerns. For ten years he traveled all over the west from the Mississippi river to Denver, and became very familiar with the western trade. In 1891 he severed his connection with the Rust-Owen Lumber Co. to start in the line yard business in Nebraska as a member of the Blue Valley Lumber Co., with headquarters at Omaha and twelve yards located in the fertile valley of the Blue river. A year or so ago Mr. Jaynes closed out his Nebraska business and went on the road for the Holt Lumber Co., of Oconto, Wisconsin, traveling through the New England states. He thus familiarized himself with eastern grades and methods of doing business, which is of great value to him in his present position. He is now representing the Seaton Manufacturing Co., of Newbury, Wash., at Omaha, and has spent some time on the Pacific coast, and accordingly has a knowledge of western lumber and shingles as well.

Miss Joseph Valley Lumberman.

Sheely After Daniels.

Sheely thinks that Daniels is hock full of white feathers. Where can he fight for stake money? I will stop him in six rounds for all game receipts, any where he goes. Will punch the bag 20 times oftener than he can in twenty minutes time, in two weeks. Please try me on. JOE SULLIVAN.

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THE STORY TELLER

THE BARMISTER MYSTERY.

BY G. CANNINGS

"And if the verdict should go against me, Rose?"

"But it can't, Arthur."

"Yet circumstances would seem to point to my guilt, and circumstantial evidence—"

"Lies as often as it speaks the truth. Your counsel will show that it lies in your case."

"Still, should the verdict be adverse?"

"I refuse to believe such a miscarriage of justice possible."

"Be reasonable, darling. Look a possible contingency in the face. Men have been convicted on circumstantial evidence before now, and will be again, even though their innocence has afterwards been made manifest. Witnesses may lie—I have more than once seen it in the world. Or they may misstate unconsciously, and their misstatements may just turn the scale against me."

"But you are innocent, dear, and the judge who tries the case will know—must know—that you are, and will so direct the jury. You must regard an adverse verdict as beyond the pale of possibility."

"I want to be prepared, Rose. In the affairs of men all things are possible, and if the jury should say I am guilty—"

"Arthur, love, it would not alter my feelings towards you! I would still think—know—that you are innocent. Nay, if I knew you had committed the murder, I should still love you as fervently as I do now!"

A Courthouse in a Country Town—A Judge Summing Up.

The history of the case, then, gentlemen, is as follows: Mr. John Conroy, an elderly gentleman, lived at a house known as the Towers, at Barmister, a small seaside resort seven miles from here. Close by him lived his nephew, Arthur Vereker, a barrister, who, like many another member of the bar, had, in the absence of briefs, turned his attention to literature, by which means he earned a slender income. Yet, poor as Arthur was, he had somewhat large expectations from his Uncle Conroy, who, it was well known, had made his money in the young man's favor. Uncle and nephew appear to have been on friendly, though not on such cordial terms as one might expect would have been the case between such near relations. One point of disagreement undoubtedly existed, and led to some estrangement between the two—namely: with respect to certain investments which the uncle contemplated making, and of which Vereker strongly disapproved. You have had Mr. Conroy's stockbroker before you, and he has shown you that, had the speculations in question been persisted in, they would have ended disastrously.

"Now, imprudent as you may consider such a step to have been in the case of a man of means so limited as Mr. Vereker's, he had nevertheless engaged himself to be married to a young lady named Miss Manners. And it was this projected marriage, which made him doubly anxious that the legacy which he had good grounds for thinking one day would be his should remain intact, and not be squandered away in hazardous ventures. Miss Manners, as you remember, lived with an invalid father at a cottage residence about a mile and a half from Barmister. The little house was situated some 200 or 300 yards from the steep cliffs which, having their rise in the town of Barmister, extend rapidly from there and extend several miles along the coast.

"On the 21 of March last, at as near three o'clock as it has been possible to determine, Arthur Vereker and his uncle start from the Towers. The uncle is going, as is his almost daily custom, for a stretch along the cliffs, and his nephew is bent on a visit to his intended. The two men's roads, therefore, lie for a certain distance in the

whole line of cliff to Barmister. Yet, to her disappointment, she failed to see any trace of her lover. After watching for him for some minutes, she concluded that he had either been detained or had gone to her house by another route. Upon that she returned to her home, hoping to find that her intended had reached the cottage before her. As a matter of fact, she did not find him there on her arrival.

"Now, half an hour from this a gypsy named Benjamin Lee, in searching for a goat which had strayed from his encampment not far off, was startled to see the dead body of a man lying on the rocky beach below the cliff's edge. The body turned out to be that of John Conroy. And of this man's murder Arthur Vereker, the prisoner in the dock, stands accused."

Here the judge touches more minutely on a portion of the evidence; then, taking up the thread of his charge, he proceeds:

"What caused the sudden disappearance and death of John Conroy? By your verdict you will have to answer for or against the prisoner. It is contended by the prosecution that the deceased was pushed over the cliffs by his nephew. What evidence is adduced in favor of this contention?"

"It is pointed out that before Conroy's death Vereker was in needy circumstances, and that he earnestly desired money; that a climax was at last reached when it became known to him that his uncle contemplated making investments which he, the nephew, considered unsound. Vereker tried to dissuade his uncle from these speculations, and had frequent disputes with him in consequence. Without avail. For on the very morning of his death Conroy prepared the draft of a letter to his stockbroker, instructing him to pay the shares of the purchase of which Vereker deemed so detrimental to his interests. Vexed, annoyed, harried, it is contended, he sets out on his walk with his uncle. When last seen together they are in hot dispute. One word leads to another, till at last a sudden impulse, it is supposed, seizes the young man. One push will put him in possession of the money he so badly needs, and, yielding to the tempter at his elbow, the dreadful crime is committed. Directly after the murder he starts off by the short route inland to Miss Manners' house, and reaches it about 3:25."

"For the defense, on the other hand, it is urged that Mr. Conroy's death was the result of pure accident. When Vereker left his uncle—the prisoner's counsel says—the old man walked on till he reached a point on the cliff where some clumps of a somewhat rare herb, indigenous to that part of the coast, were known to grow. Stooping to pluck one of these, which his known love of botany would lead him to prize, and some of the very leaves of which were indeed found in the pockets of the dead man, it is urged that he lost his balance, became giddy, or that a sudden gust—it has been given in evidence that the wind was high on the 21 of March—drove him over the edge. When Miss Manners from her eminence therefore scanned the line of cliff and saw neither uncle nor nephew Mr. Conroy had but a moment before disappeared from view over the precipitous wall of rock."

The judge here enters at great length into a critical analysis of the entire evidence. After which he resumes:

"Gentlemen, I have placed the facts before you so far as we have been able to ascertain them. I have also recalled to your mind the hypotheses advanced therefrom, but from the point of view of the prosecution and that of the defense; and I have endeavored to guide you so far as I justly may to a right finding. The evidence in this case is in the main circumstantial; but let me warn you that it is no whit the less weighty on that account if the links composing it be but durable and perfect. Having heard the depositions of the various witnesses for the crown, does that evidence in your mind clearly establish the guilt of the accused? If you have no reasonable doubt that the prisoner at the bar is the man who committed the murder of which he stands charged it is your duty, irrespective of the feelings of others, to find a verdict of guilty. If, on the contrary, in your opinion, the circumstantial chain should in any one particular be faulty, should the hand of guilt not point with sufficiently convincing directness towards the prisoner, then it is equally a duty you owe to him to return a verdict of acquittal. In a word should any doubt—any reasonable doubt—assail your minds, bear in mind that the accused is entitled to the benefit of that doubt."

"Gentlemen, I leave the ultimate finding in your hands, well knowing that you will act in this grave, this momentous question as good citizens, as God-fearing men, and that you will return only such verdict as will exonerate itself to your one true guide—your conscience."

Extract from the Barmister Gazette:

"The jury retired at a quarter past four, and at five o'clock returned into court. In answer to the question put by the clerk of arraigns the foreman replied that they had arrived at their verdict, and that it was a unanimous one."

"What, then, in your verdict, gentlemen?" again demanded the clerk.

"We find the prisoner 'not guilty.'"

"Thus ended, in an acquittal of the prisoner, a trial which has created a profound sensation in the neighborhood, and which has been known for the last few weeks by the name of the Barmister Mystery."



THE JUDGE SUMMING UP.

same direction. On their way along the cliff they are met by a farm laborer named Williams, who has told you that when he passed them by, at a distance of some 20 yards, Conroy and Vereker had the appearance of being engaged in some hot dispute, though from the distance which separated him from them he could not catch what they were saying.

Vereker had told Miss Manners that he hoped to call on her at about half-past three that same day. When the time of the expected visit, therefore, was drawing near, instead of waiting for her lover at her house, she went to meet him. She left the cottage at a little before the half hour and walked to a spot on the cliffs, anticipating seeing Vereker coming towards her from the town. From where she stood (you will see the spot indicated on the sketch map that has been prepared for you) she was able to command the

whole line of cliff to Barmister. Yet, to her disappointment, she failed to see any trace of her lover. After watching for him for some minutes, she concluded that he had either been detained or had gone to her house by another route. Upon that she returned to her home, hoping to find that her intended had reached the cottage before her. As a matter of fact, she did not find him there on her arrival.

"Now, half an hour from this a gypsy named Benjamin Lee, in searching for a goat which had strayed from his encampment not far off, was startled to see the dead body of a man lying on the rocky beach below the cliff's edge. The body turned out to be that of John Conroy. And of this man's murder Arthur Vereker, the prisoner in the dock, stands accused."

Here the judge touches more minutely on a portion of the evidence; then, taking up the thread of his charge, he proceeds:

"What caused the sudden disappearance and death of John Conroy? By your verdict you will have to answer for or against the prisoner. It is contended by the prosecution that the deceased was pushed over the cliffs by his nephew. What evidence is adduced in favor of this contention?"

"It is pointed out that before Conroy's death Vereker was in needy circumstances, and that he earnestly desired money; that a climax was at last reached when it became known to him that his uncle contemplated making investments which he, the nephew, considered unsound. Vereker tried to dissuade his uncle from these speculations, and had frequent disputes with him in consequence. Without avail. For on the very morning of his death Conroy prepared the draft of a letter to his stockbroker, instructing him to pay the shares of the purchase of which Vereker deemed so detrimental to his interests. Vexed, annoyed, harried, it is contended, he sets out on his walk with his uncle. When last seen together they are in hot dispute. One word leads to another, till at last a sudden impulse, it is supposed, seizes the young man. One push will put him in possession of the money he so badly needs, and, yielding to the tempter at his elbow, the dreadful crime is committed. Directly after the murder he starts off by the short route inland to Miss Manners' house, and reaches it about 3:25."

"For the defense, on the other hand, it is urged that Mr. Conroy's death was the result of pure accident. When Vereker left his uncle—the prisoner's counsel says—the old man walked on till he reached a point on the cliff where some clumps of a somewhat rare herb, indigenous to that part of the coast, were known to grow. Stooping to pluck one of these, which his known love of botany would lead him to prize, and some of the very leaves of which were indeed found in the pockets of the dead man, it is urged that he lost his balance, became giddy, or that a sudden gust—it has been given in evidence that the wind was high on the 21 of March—drove him over the edge. When Miss Manners from her eminence therefore scanned the line of cliff and saw neither uncle nor nephew Mr. Conroy had but a moment before disappeared from view over the precipitous wall of rock."

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A Private Sitting-room in a Hotel in North Wales.

"Tired, Rose?"

"No, dear."

"You ought to be—all you have passed through."

"Not more than you have, Arthur, not half as much. To be tried for your life. To know that you are innocent;

and yet to be tried. To undergo the hideous, sickening feeling that at the very last the jurymen might blunder. I pretended to scout such ideas before the trial. Yet I felt them all the same. But now it has ended in the way it should, now that you have been publicly pronounced innocent—why, I can almost laugh at the whole matter."

"Come and sit on this low stool close beside me," Arthur said. "We can talk better so." Rose did as desired. "Quite—quite happy?"

"Is there a wife in all this world as happy?"

"After which Rose continued with a smile: 'We didn't lose much time in getting married, did we?'"

"Can you wonder? I was impatient—very impatient to call you my wife. I had waited long for that day, and longed for its coming."

"My darling!"

"And I will be a good husband to you," Arthur went on, very earnestly. "You, and you only, shall always be my love. All that you want, all that I can give you—and we are rich now, and have left earthing care behind us—that will I give you. And you will always love me—always as much as you do now?"

"Always—always," she replied. Then, more fervently still, and speaking with an earnest force: "Love you the more for what you have gone through. As I sat cowering in the court house hour after hour, I wanted again and again to cry out to the judge: 'Stop! Look into the prisoner's eyes as I do, and there you will see his innocence written! What need to try him? Look into

his eyes, then say if you think he can be guilty! You must know that he is innocent—that he is incapable—"

"Rose! Rose! you are flushed—fervish. Calm yourself, child. Come, Rose!" Arthur caressingly smoothed her hair, and the wild, startled look in her face and the crimson glow in her cheek subsided.

Then they were silent again for some minutes.

After a little while the wife rose, walked to the French windows, pushed back the blind, and looked out across the hills. Arthur also rose, crossed over to the mantelpiece, looked at his wife for a moment, took up a pipe, half-filled it, then put it down again. Rose, who had seen him do this, said:

"If you want to smoke, dear, do not mind me."

"No, no, dear, I do not want to smoke. I took up the pipe out of pure habit."

Another pause.

"Arthur?"

"Yes."

"Do you know, I think there is one thing I ought to tell you now that we are married."

"Very well, darling, what is it? No; let me guess."

"Sit down on that chair again, then, and let me sit on your knee. So. Put your arms around me as mine are around you." Presently Rose goes on, in a low, cooing voice: "I wonder if it would ever be possible to be as happy again?"

"Why not, Rose? Why not?"

"Of one thing I'm certain. People in Heaven could never be so happy. There would be a serenity about them that would make them 'superior' kind of people. And the 'superior' person is too egotistical to be completely happy."

"This is quite happiness enough for me, Rose. I couldn't be happier even in Heaven!"

After a moment or so Rose asks:

"But have you forgotten what this thing was I wanted to tell you?"

"I had for the minute. What was it?"

"You said you would guess? That you were in love with some one else, perhaps, before you met me?"

"I never was in love till I saw you."

"That you are deeply in debt?"

"I don't owe a shilling, Arthur."

"That you are inordinately fond of dress?"

"My ambition has never soared higher than a serge frock and a black silk gown."

"Then what is it?"

"Arthur, tell me again that you love me. Just once again."

"I love you, Rose; I love you!"

"Now put your ear close to my lips."

"There, I'm listening, dear."

"Can you hear me if I whisper?"

"Yes."

Rose takes a long breath, and hesitates. Then she tells him:

"It was I who committed the murder."

Then she continues quickly, breathlessly, with hurried, fierce impetuosity:

"He was alone on the cliff—you had just left him—he was bending over a little plant—at the cliff's very edge. I knew how you were harried, and—I did it—I did it! My brain was aflame then—it is aflame now! Don't let me faint! Why do you fix your eyes upon me so sternly? Speak, man, speak—to your wife! I can't see your face—only an outline—a mist is rising—push it back, Arthur—push it back—don't let it come between us—Arthur—I—I!"—Chicago Tribune.

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A BOLD, BAD BURGLAR.

BY EMILY R. SCHMIDT.

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful? It seems there is no place secure from them. The papers contain nothing but burglaries, robberies and hold-ups. I am almost afraid to look under the bed at night."

Blanche Warden turned the rings on her fingers nervously as she spoke. She was not a timid girl, but the final test of bravery had never come to her.

"What would you do in case a burglar entered your room, Mr. Dulano?" she asked, addressing one of her callers.

"Exactly what I did last night," the gentleman replied.

"You surely didn't have a burglar last night?" Blanche cried.

"And why not? I'm keeping the affair quiet because I have a clew that is being followed up. Of course, it will be safe to mention it here," Dulano replied.

"To be sure. Do tell us about it," the girl said, eagerly.

"It must have been about 2:30 o'clock this morning when I was aroused by some one turning a key in the door that communicates with the adjoining room. I'm pretty stupid when I first awaken; but I was soon aroused to full consciousness by something cold against my temple."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Blanche cried, shivering.

"That wasn't the dreadful part," Dulano laughed. "The part I object most to is what followed. The fellow held his gun calmly with one hand while he went through my clothes and helped himself to my watch, my diamond scarf pin and all my ready change."

"At what time did you say that occurred?" Arthur Forrest asked.

"Well, I didn't have any watch to tell me the exact time; but after I had lain awake some three or four hours the chimes on Pilgrim church sounded the three-quarter hour, and after an equally long time the clock struck three," Dulano replied, with a comical drawl.

"Guess it was watches he was after. He got mine at about the same time. Wonder if he visited any of the other fellows at our house," Forrest said.

"What! The burglar wasn't in your room, too, Arthur—Mr. Forrest?" Blanche cried.

"Yes, but he had the kindness to let me sleep until he got what he wanted. He awakened me as he went through the window," the young man replied.

"Oh, please don't tell me any more," Blanche exclaimed. "You will have me so frightened. And I have to stay in this great house with no one but the servants. You know poor Leon is a very ill and papa and mamma were called to Chicago to-day, so I am alone," Miss Warden said, with some uneasiness.

"Really, Blanche, it isn't safe for you to stay here alone," Arthur said, seriously.

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I'll put the jewels and plate in the big chest in the wine cellar and sleep with a revolver under my pillow. It would be real fun to have a burglar come," Blanche replied, laughing.

Then they dismissed that terror-inspiring theme from their conversation; but Arthur continued restless and uneasy. He stood at the window and gazed moodily out on the moonlit boulevard while his hostess played and sang. As Dulano turned the music for her, he whispered, softly:

"Slip into the library a moment. I have something important to say to you." Then he said, aloud: "I think I shall take a smoke in the library, if I may be excused."

When he had left the room Blanche walked over to the deep bay window and laid her hand gently on Arthur's arm. "What makes you so silent this evening, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"Oh, Blanche, I hate that Dulano. I suppose I am jealous, but I wish you wouldn't have him hanging 'round here," he exclaimed, while his handsome face crimsoned.

"But, Arthur, you brought him here before you ever spoke of love to me. Surely you are not afraid of him now that you have my promise," the girl said, seriously.

"No, dearest, I do not doubt you. I felt sorry for him, a stranger there at the boarding-house. And besides I wanted him to meet the sweetest woman in St. Louis," he whispered, as he pressed just the suggestion of a kiss on her cheek.

"By the way, I'll go and hunt up that Harper for you, dear," she said, with an effort at spontaneity that was not altogether a success. Then she left the drawing-room; walked half way up the stairs, descended softly and slipped into the library. Dulano was at her side in an instant.

"I'm sorry you spoke of the jewels and things," he said. "I have reason to think Forrest is the burglar. He has been looking heavily at cards lately and is in danger of losing his position at the bank," he whispered, hurriedly.

At the mention of Arthur's name Blanche would have cried out, but the man placed his fingers deftly over her lips. As soon as the speech was ended she fled to her room, hunted up the magazine and returned to the drawing-room. The two men were glancing at each other in angry silence when she entered.

"This call promises to be a game of freeze-out, so I guess I will leave and give you a chance to help Miss Warden put away the silver," Mr. Dulano said in a faintly sarcastic tone to Forrest.

"If Miss Warden desires my help I shall certainly remain," Arthur said, angrily.

"I shall require no assistance whatever," the girl said, haughtily, and the two men departed together. For some minutes she sat in the drawing-room, then so moody of late? Her heart was rest a gambler, perhaps a burglar? No, it could not be. And yet, why had he been so moody of late? Her heart was sore and, with no thought of the valuable in the house, she dragged herself

to bed. The night wore on and she came not. The clock was just striking the hour of three when the door opened slowly and she could see the shadow outline of a man. For a moment she was paralyzed with terror. The terror that started from her heart lost itself somewhere in her throat. A thousand fanciful fancies chased each other through her mind as the man advanced to the bed. Then she thought of the revolver that she had intended to put under her pillow. Alas, it was peacefully reposing on the dressing table in her father's room. The man was tall and wore a black mask. He must be the same one who had visited Mr. Dulano and Arthur the night before. Perhaps it was Arthur. At the thought of her lover the blood welled coarsing again through her body and to her astonishment, she found that she was calm.

"Are you awake?" the burglar whispered, and his voice sounded strangely familiar.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Then get up. Don't be afraid. I am not going to harm you. I only want the family jewels. Take me to where they are kept," he whispered again.

At the sound of that voice the last vestige of fear left her. Indignation and outraged feeling smothered every other emotion in her heart. She would prove this lover of hers. Without a moment's hesitation she arose from her bed, glanced indifferently at the glittering barrel of the revolver in the burglar's hand, and walked over to the table, where she lit her little emergency lamp.

"Follow me; I am at your mercy, but I trust you as a gentleman even though you are a burglar," she said, in frigid tones.

Then she led the way through the corridor and down the back stairway to the laundry and cellars. Blanche, in her indignation, knew not that the grand old floor was cold beneath her little bare feet. When she had almost reached the wine cellar, she remembered that the key was on her father's keyring, and was probably at that time in Chicago. An idea struck her.

"Here; you hold the lamp while I climb up and get the key," she said, indicating a niche high in the wall. The man's eyes followed her glance, and he was lost. As quick as thought she blew out the lamp, hurried it in resounding fragments on the floor and sprang upon her burglar like a tiger. The revolver was hers without a struggle and the man was her prisoner.

"Are you Arthur Forrest? Speak, or I'll blow your brains out," she cried.

"My God, spare me, Blanche! I am Arthur," the man whispered.

She covered him with the revolver while she looked across the laundry. When she had gained the stairs she bolted the door securely and fled trembling to the hall above. At the library door she halted, and a low cry escaped her lips as she caught sight of another man in the open doorway.

"Blanche, my darling, are you safe?" Arthur Forrest cried, as he beheld her white-robed figure.

"How did you escape? I thought the outer door was locked," she said, as she repelled his touch.

"Escape!" the young man cried in astonishment. "I have been following him since midnight. One of my men, who was left here to guard the house, tells me that he entered this window ten minutes ago. The fellow was afraid to follow him alone. I have tracked him from Broadway and twice he evaded me. Where is he, darling?"

"Who—what is he looking for?" the girl gasped.

"Wallace Dulano. The officers are here to arrest him. Is he still in the house?" Arthur asked, eagerly.

"There is no way of escape except up the pantry stairs," Blanche replied.

Then, while Arthur led the officers in, she slipped away to her room and donned her dressing gown and slippers. In a few minutes she joined her fiancé in the reception hall. The gas was burning brightly now and she could hear the heavy tread of men as they took their prisoner from her impromptu jail.

"You are a brave little woman," Arthur said, fondly, as he led her to a divan.

"No, I am a miserable coward; but I am a proud woman, and when a woman thinks she has been wronged, fire and storm cannot stop her," Blanche said, humbly.

"What do you mean by that, dearest?" the lover asked.

"Oh, Arthur, he lied to me and I believed him. He told me that you were the burglar and I thought you were using even my love to further your own wicked ends. That is why I had courage to walk downstairs at the end of a revolver. Can you ever forgive me for cherishing such an ignoble thought?" she cried as she buried her face on his breast.

"Yes, my darling," the young man said, tenderly. "But I have stolen something that is of infinitely more value than your plate and jewels. I have stolen this noble heart, and I am willing to admit that I am a bold, bad burglar."—St. Louis Republic.

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LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R.

NORTHEAST BOUND.

No. 11—Daily. 7:30 A. M. 1:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M.

No. 12—Daily. 7:30 A. M. 1:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND.

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NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

Following the usual custom at the beginning of winter, the Rhinehilds, of Paris, have sent 100,000 francs (\$20,000) to the perfect of the Seine to be distributed among needy tenants of Paris.

An Italian scientist who has written a book on "Female Crime in Naples," wherein he shows that there are more women criminals in Naples than in other cities of Italy, observed that there was little drunkenness among them, and that their criminal bent was due mostly to lack of education.

The largest farm in the world is in the southwestern part of Louisiana. It extends 103 miles north and south and 25 miles east and west. It was bought in 1853 by a syndicate of northern capitalists, by whom it is still operated. The fencing is said to have cost \$50,000. Rice, sugar, corn and cotton are raised.

The two biggest fire engines in the world are in Liverpool. These are the most powerful fire engines known, throwing 1,500 gallons of water a minute, and a jet 145 feet high. The force with which the water is ejected from them may be estimated from the fact that the jet was "warranted to kill a man at 350 feet."

CONGRESSMAN SPRAGUE, of Massachusetts, will, if report be true, be the richest member of the house of representatives. His wife's fortune is estimated at \$20,000,000, and on the day she married him, then a struggling young lawyer in Boston, she gave a check for \$1,000,000, a sum he has since greatly increased.

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of \$1,000, or \$5,000; but, then he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of writers and editors.

At the Market Lake (Idaho) rabbit hunt about 1,000 people took part and 4,000 bunnies were killed, a large part of them being shipped to Salt Lake City and distributed among needy people. Men, women and boys participated in the slaughter and the varmints were clubbed to death. Dogs and guns were not allowed in the field.

The investigations of a French dermatologist, Dr. Sabouraud, go to show that tinea is a contagious disease, due to a microbe which he claims to have isolated. It is spread, he declares, by barber's brushes, and its presence is not recognized until the harm is done. In other words, an ounce of prevention is worth several bottles of hair restorer.

According to recent French statistics, France lost 154,000 men by death through wounds, sickness or accidents in her war with Germany, while 139,421 men were disabled on the field of battle. Germany's losses were 79,155 dead and 18,542 wounded. The monetary loss is more evenly divided, that for France being 12,654,457,522 francs, while for Germany it was 5,603,693,000 francs.

HELEN CLAYTON, the observer in charge of the Blue Hill (Mass.) Meteorological observatory, and his assistant, recently performed a novel feat of interest to aeronauts and ornithologists. While making simultaneous observations of cloud heights they took measurements of a flight of ducks, and by means of trigonometry, discovered the ducks were flying 955 feet above the ground at the rate of 47.5 miles an hour.

KRAFFT, the great German manufacturer of cannons, has lately completed a number of paper field pieces for the use of the German infantry. Their caliber is a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one. But the resistance is greater than that of a field piece of steel of the same caliber. These paper guns are intended for use in situations where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable.

Twice a year the elephants and the rhinoceros in the Central park menagerie get a coating of neatfoot oil, which is thoroughly rubbed in with the palm of the hand. The oiling and the manipulation cleanse the skin, remove the dead skin and open the pores, freshen the animals up and improve their health, and they seem to like the process. The oiling is done only in the spring and summer; if done in the winter the animals would be likely to take cold from it.

QUEEN VICTORIA has in her possession a very interesting needle, which was made for her in Buckinghamshire, and which she values as much as some of her most costly heirlooms. It is a miniature of the Roman column of Trajan, and illustrates scenes from Victoria's life instead of incidents in the careers of Roman emperors. These are perfectly distinct when seen through a magnifying glass, and include the most interesting events in Victoria's young life.

The oldest shaped county among the 3,000 which go to make up the separate division of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies almost exactly in the geographical center of the state mentioned, and is about as near a perfect circle as any division of land could possibly be. The circle would be perfect but for the fact that there is short stretch of the northern boundary line which follows a small stream for a short distance. It is bounded by Cannon, DeKalb, Coffee, Grundy, Van Buren and White counties, and is in no way remarkable except in shape.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Volume of Trade Increases, But Prices Are Lower.

Indications Point to Greater Production and More Steady Increase in Consumption—Money Markets Cautious.

New York, Jan. 23.—R. H. Don & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: "There is more business, though not at better prices. It is interesting that almost all prices which change at all are lower than a week ago and yet business is unquestionably larger. There is larger production, but as yet not much increase in consumption, and there is larger buying of materials, but at present only because better prices are expected in the future. A few conspicuous failures during the week have had no material influence. The market for securities is still stronger and yet there is very little doing. The number of hands employed, all industries considered, is slightly larger than a week ago, without adverse change in the rate of wages. All apprehension of foreign disturbance of money markets has passed away, but there is still great caution in making loans. It is a mistake to reckon these as symptoms of depression. On the contrary, in spite of the lower range of prices in important industries, the conditions all indicate larger production and a consumption increasing, not as yet large, but steady."

The earnings of railroads in January have been 10 per cent. smaller than last year. Wheat, corn and cotton exports are the key of the financial situation, and during the past week wheat has declined 2 per cent. and corn 4 per cent. while cotton is unchanged. The woolen industry is as slow as ever and no real improvement appears in the demand for goods, although owing to the lateness of the season there is a little more doing. Both in spring and in winter goods, without quotable change in prices. The iron industry is engaged in settling relative prices and the slow operation retards business in many branches, since the future of prices is uncertain. Bessemer pig is a little lower at \$9.40, though no further decline has occurred in eastern markets, or at Chicago. But the competition of new concerns tempted to manufacture rails by the high prices recently maintained, causes slightly larger sales of pig iron. The price of pig iron at \$12.50. The increase in manufacturing is perhaps more definitely shown than in any other way by the production of coke, which steadily increases, 3,471 tons being output, against 3,173 tons, and the weekly output 128,000 tons, as against 125,000 tons. Failures for the week have been 49 in the United States, against 77 last year, and 6 in Canada, against 11 last year.

Bradstreet's View.

Bradstreet's says: "The most encouraging feature of the trade situation this week is the increased demand from manufacturers for work. The decision of the Federal reserve board to restrict the output will emphasize recent sales of the heavy surplus stock, and present a better market. To these may be added the increase in the volume of domestic bank clearings, a further sign of activity in trade. The confidence of manufacturers in the future is also shown by the fact that they are increasing their orders for raw materials, and the preference by retailers and others to buy on credit, but in small quantities, continue to mark the course of business as not too far from normal. Demand for leather is also firm, with few exceptions, although very slowly. A radical improvement in the near future, based on a slow but healthful increase in the consumption of goods, is in the absence of unforeseen demands, almost a certainty."

"Prices appear to include a few, if any, that are higher than a week ago. While flour, wheat, corn, lard, crude petroleum, tin, Bessemer pig iron and steel billets are lower, wool remains firm at practically unchanged prices, but is likely to advance if the present demand continues. Leather is also firm and unchanged as a lumber, cotton, fruit, cloth, pork, coffee and sugar."

NOTED CHINAMAN SHOT DOWN.

"Little Peter," of San Francisco, Meets His Death at Highbridge, N. Y.

San Francisco, Jan. 23.—Little Peter, the most noted Chinaman in San Francisco, was murdered by his countrymen in Chinatown Saturday night. He was sitting in a chair in a Chinese barber shop when three Chinese entered and shot him, inflicting a wound from the effects of which he died in a short time. The murderers were arrested. The murder is the outcome of a quarrel between two of the Chinese Six companies, and it is supposed the murderers are Highlanders hired to do the job.

Loss Will Reach \$200,000.

Chicago, Jan. 23.—The residence of Charles J. Barnes, 2233 Calumet avenue, was totally destroyed by fire at two o'clock this morning. His private library, one of the finest in the United States, and collection of bric-a-brac, on which a high value is set, were destroyed, and with the damage to the building and furnishings will make the loss fully \$200,000.

Queen Will in Washington.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Liliuokalani, Hawaiian ex-queen, arrived here rather unexpectedly Saturday morning. Her intention to visit Washington at this time had not been anticipated. That the ex-queen wants and expects to see President Cleveland during her stay here is almost a certainty. This much was admitted by one who enjoys her confidence.

Cuban Rebels Shot.

Havana, Jan. 23.—Alfredo Rodriguez Garcia and two other prisoners were shot Friday morning at Santa Clara for the crime of rebellion. The mayor of Havana has resigned. The Diario de la Marina suggests the appointment of a military officer to fill the vacancy.

Original Forty-Niner Dead.

Portland, Jan. 22.—William W. Stickney, one of the original forty-niners, died at his home here Tuesday, aged 71 years. He sailed from this city in the ship Sweden in the spring of 1849 and arrived in San Francisco in September of the same year.

Miner Hanged.

Columbus, O., Jan. 22.—The miners' strike in the Jackson district is at an end, the miners returning to work Thursday morning at the old rate of 21 cents, the same as is being paid in the Hocking Valley.

Kills Sunday Baseball.

Austin, Tex., Jan. 22.—The house of the Texas legislature has practically settled Sunday baseball playing by passing a bill prohibiting it.

Mother and Children Burned.

Bellford, Pa., Jan. 22.—The house of William Croyle was destroyed by fire and Mrs. Croyle and two children were burned to death.

THE ICE-KING'S GRIP.

It Is Fastened Tightly Upon the Entire Northwest and Elsewhere.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 23.—Reports from every part of the northwest indicate that Saturday night was the coldest night in two winters. St. Paul, about the warmest point in this whole section, registered 25 below. The range was from that figure to 50 below at other places.

Chicago, Jan. 23.—The cold wave which reached Chicago Saturday night tightened its grip yesterday, and at midnight Chicagoans were shivering in a 16-below-zero atmosphere. At eight o'clock yesterday morning the thermometer registered 12 below. The suffering among the poor is intense, and Mayor Swift has issued a proclamation calling for bread for the starving. Reports from towns throughout northern Illinois and points in adjoining states disclose general fall of snow, cold weather and great suffering among the poor.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 23.—The cold wave which reached here Saturday night continues, the thermometer at midnight registering 12 below zero.

Dubuque, Ia., Jan. 23.—A cold wave struck Dubuque Saturday night, and yesterday morning the thermometer indicated 21 to 24 below zero.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 23.—The first severe cold wave of the winter reached this city yesterday. At seven o'clock p. m. the thermometer was five degrees below zero.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 23.—Yesterday was the coldest day Nebraska has experienced in two years. At many points the mercury registered 12 degrees below zero.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 23.—Michigan experienced the coldest weather of the winter yesterday. The temperature ranged from 6 degrees below zero in Detroit to 15 degrees below at upper peninsula points.

Milwaukee, Jan. 23.—The lowest temperature known here for years was recorded yesterday. According to the government reports it was 15 degrees below zero, while private thermometers in various parts of the city made it 24 degrees. Out in the state there were some great records made, Stevens Point leading with 32 degrees below zero.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN DEAD.

Inventor of System of Stenography Passes Away at London.

London, Jan. 23.—Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the system of stenography which bears his name, is dead.

Sir Isaac Pitman was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, January 4, 1813. After six years' service as a clothier's clerk he was sent to the Normal College of the British and Foreign School Society, London, and after five months' training, at the close of 1818, was appointed master of the British school at Wotton-under-Edge, in 1822, and removed to Bath in 1823. His first treatise on shorthand, entitled "Stenographic Souvern," appeared in 1827, and he thus became the originator of the spelling reform, to which, and the propagation of his system of phonetic shorthand, he devoted his entire attention since 1834, when the Phonetic Society was established.

His system of shorthand was refined in 1839 and entitled "Phonography, or Writing by Sound," and his "Phonographic Reporter's Companion" appeared in 1844. Mr. Pitman edited and printed the "Phonetic Journal," devoted to the science of shorthand, and he had issued a little library of about 10 volumes, printed entirely in shorthand, ranging from the "Little to the Great," in the autumn of 1877. In 1878, he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in 1880, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Arts. He was also a member of the Royal Society of Music, and the Royal Society of Literature. He was a member of the Royal Society of Medicine, and the Royal Society of Natural History. He was a member of the Royal Society of Sciences, and the Royal Society of Letters. He was a member of the Royal Society of Education, and the Royal Society of Agriculture. He was a member of the Royal Society of Commerce, and the Royal Society of Industry. 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The Mace of the Hinge
A Story of Adventure on Land and Sea
BY CAPT. RALPH BATES.

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[CONTINUED.]

There was bitter disappointment and some strong talk, but in the course of 24 hours a better feeling prevailed. In talking it over among themselves they had come to get a clearer view of the ins and outs of the situation. It would have been a very bad move to abandon the craft and take to the boats, not only as to what the government and insurance companies and owners of the lump of cargo in the lower hold might say, but there would not have been any chance in five of bringing the boats safe into harbor. There was a steady westerly gale, with showers at intervals, and a single day of exposure would have done for the women and children.

The mutineers kept wonderfully quiet after playing their cards as described above. The fact of the matter, as you can plainly see, was that they had no show whatever to get possession of the bark. Except for about half an hour at low tide, the sharks patrolled the bay as if they had an understanding with us, and we took care to encourage them in this by feeding them at intervals. No one could swim off to us, and as for building a raft, the mutineers would have had to labor right under the muzzles of our guns. They had no weapons to fire on us; none of us ever went ashore. And so what could they do? We did not relax our vigilance, however.

Knowing that we had a desperate lot to deal with, we took no chances. Every hour of the day, rain or shine, a man was aloft with a glass to survey the island, and in this way we kept quite fairly posted as to the movements of the mutineers. Two or three days after the death of Mrs. Sanders it was discovered that the two parties had reunited under the leadership of Ben Johnson, and that they had given more attention to the comforts of their camp. It was further discovered that they had erected a tall signal staff on the west side of the island and were flying a flag from it. Their hope was to entice some craft which might have strayed into these waters to sending a boat ashore in answer to that signal. If they could get possession of a boat, they would try hard to get possession of the ship which sent it ashore. That we might checkmate them in this we watched the sea as well as the land. If help came to us, it would be from the south, while their hope lay in the arrival of some whale or collector making a cruise along the coast.

CHAPTER XVI

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES

It was the winter of '06 in these latitudes, you will understand, and before we had been in the bay a week we were sawing up some of the planks from the

two decks to keep our fires going. The day we buried poor Mrs. Sanders we procured a small supply of fuel from the shore, but there was little to be had without going into the brush farther than we cared to venture.

On the sixteenth day of our stay, as near as I can come at it, and while it was my watch aloft, Captain Clark called out to know if any of the mutineers were in sight. I could make out three or four of them on a bare hill a mile or so away, but none nearer, and I so reported. The captain then ordered a quarter boat down, and he and Haskell and Roberts went ashore after a supply of fuel. We were that pinched on board that we had already resorted to tarballs and loxes which properly belonged to the cargo. The plan was for the captain to stand guard while the other two used the axes and carried the fuel to the boat, and those of us left aboard were armed and vigilant.

The two men had worked for an hour, when Captain Clark changed off with Roberts. I kept my glass on the woods around them, but I did not once get sight of a mutineer. Winter though it was, the dead leaves and branches and vines were so thick that I only caught occasional glimpses of our own men. By and by the boat was well loaded, and Haskell and Roberts came down to her and stood waiting for the captain. The sounds of his ax could be heard at that moment, and when they ceased we expected to see him appear in sight within half a minute. About five minutes slipped by, and then I called down to the two men to go back into the bush and see what had happened. They advanced and were out of sight when I got a fleeting glimpse of Ben Johnson and another convict hurrying the captain across an open space. The pair had crept up through the bushes and surprised and overpowered him.

I called to the men and ordered them aboard at once, and when it had become known that the men all were depending on so much was a prisoner to our desperate enemies I had all I could do to prevent the people from taking to the boats and pulling away out to sea. It was a regular panic for a time, and I had hard work to make them understand that the bark had not yet gone out of our possession. The capture occurred at about 10 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour on to 4 in the afternoon the weather was pretty fair. I spent most of the time aloft with the glass. At 2 o'clock the entire gang of mutineers assembled for a council. The meeting was in front of their tents, and, though I could not see the captain, I had no doubt that he was a prisoner in one of the tents or huts. The council lasted for two hours, and, judging from the gestures of the men, there was much excitement.

Most of our people believed that Captain Clark would be put to death that day, but I flattered myself I understood the plans of the convicts better than that. He would be a powerful weapon in their hands, and they would use him for all he was worth before taking his life. I predicted that we would hear from them before night and was not at

all surprised when Ben Johnson appeared just at dusk and hailed the ship. I knew what he was after and had also made up my mind as to the course to be pursued.

"Aho, there!" called Johnson as he stepped clear of the trees and stood in an attitude expressive of defiance.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"You know, of course, we've got the captain."

"Yes."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"What can we do?"

"You can save his life and all others if you have got proper sense. Come ashore, bring whatever you want, and we'll give you up the captain and go away in the bark. We've talked it over with the captain, and the word he sends by me is for you to do it."

"And if we refuse?" I asked.

"Then you'll find his head lying right where my feet stand when daylight comes tomorrow."

I told him that the proposition had come so suddenly that we were not prepared to give an offhand answer; that, while we were willing to make a great sacrifice to save the captain's life, I could not speak for the passengers. I talked very civilly, as you may guess, and the point I gained was the one I had in sight from the first. Johnson agreed to wait until the next morning for our decision and gave me his word of "honor" that the captain should be well treated in the meantime. As to our giving up the bark and going ashore, the matter could not be considered for a moment. Had a knife been held at Captain Clark's throat he would have advised against it. Not one of us

would have been permitted to live to tell the story. Once we were out of the way the fellows would have had little to fear from pursuit.

I had a plan, to work under cover of darkness, which I hoped might turn out successfully, but for obvious reasons I kept it secret as long as possible. I had been aloft so often that I believed I could find my way to the mutineers' camp on the darkest night, and I proposed going there alone and making an attempt to free the captain and bring him back with me. I had as yet told no one, when Mary Williams came to me and said:

"Ralph, I know what you have planned to do, but you must not go alone. You believe you can find your way through the forest without help, but you cannot. You must get the bearings by compass, and tonight you must have a compass with you. The captain is likely to have been hurt and may need help to get along if rescued. I shall go with you!"

When I heard the good girl speaking after that fashion, I was speechless with surprise, but after a bit I pulled myself together and answered her that we could spare no men, and, as for taking a woman on such a perilous jaunt, it was not to be thought of.

"But I shall go with you!" she stoutly persisted. "I will take one of the revolvers and a small compass, and you can arm yourself with the fowling piece and another revolver. If worst comes to worst, I believe the two of us will be a match for the whole gang, as they have no firearms. It is needless for you to raise objections, for if you go I go!"

"But your clothes!" I persisted.

"Why, Mary, the dress would be torn off your back before we had crept half a cable's length."

"I shall arrange about that, sir; so go ahead and make your plans!"

There was a girl of sense and courage for you—a real English girl—who might cry out at the sight of a mouse in her own chamber, but who could be a real heroine when the occasion demanded. I pretended to yield, but at 9 o'clock that night, when I had one of the boats softly dropped into the water and Haskell was ready to pull me ashore, Mary came aft and whispered to me:

"Don't forget the compasses and some matches, Ralph, and have a last look at the firearms. You see, I am all ready to go with you?"

I looked at her in amazement. I didn't say that she had on a full suit of her father's clothes, but it was pretty near it. I realized that the most feel embarrassed, and that only her love for me had brought it about, and so I looked in any other direction as I replied:

"See here, girl, but do you realize the peril of this expedition? Ben Johnson would like nothing better than to capture us both at once. I think he'd almost give up all ideas of possessing the Hilda if he had us in his hands!"

"Yes, Ralph, I know the danger," she quietly replied. "It will be greater to you alone than with me, and so I shall go. Take along a revolver for the captain, and it would be well if Haskell remained in the boat after we have landed, as we may come back in great haste."

To tell you the truth, I was glad to have company. I should rather have had one of the men, of course, could have been spared, and it made me tremble to think we might be playing into Johnson's hands. With the three of us prisoners the people left aboard the bark could not hold out against him a day. Wasn't it leave of my sweetheart to volunteer to accompany me—aye, to insist on it in spite of my objections? I want you to praise her a bit for that. If you had stood on that lonely beach with us and looked into the dark forest and realized the peril as we did, I know you would call her a heroine. For all we knew, a dozen of the mutineers might be lying concealed in the bushes not 30 feet away. I was not nearly so confident of success after landing and stand up face to face with the difficulties. Saker though I was, and ever using the compass for my guiding star, I should have overlooked it on this occasion and been lost in the bush before we had gone 200 feet but for Mary.

After a few whispered words to Haskell, who was to remain in the boat until we returned or daylight came, I took the lead, and we pushed into the woods. It rained a little, and the wind was swift, and once under the trees it was

so dark that we had to feel our way. I flattered myself that we were keeping a true course, but at the end of a quarter of an hour Mary suggested that we take a look at the compass. We got down close to the ground and struck a match, and, to my surprise, we were bearing northwest instead of to the north. After that we consulted the compass every few minutes, but were a good hour and a half making our way to the clearing. We were within 50 feet of the tents before we got sight of the first, which the rain had almost extinguished. We crept closer and listened, but not a sound came from the mutineers. Putting her mouth close to my ear, Mary whispered: "Now, Ralph, you made out four tents or shelters here. The captain is certainly in one of them. If any one was on guard over him, there would be a better fire. We shall find him fast bound in one of the rear shelters. Let me take the lead from this out, and remember, if we are surprised, we must open fire on them and try and eat the captain's bonds and put a pistol in his hands."

Would you believe that I, who had planned the expedition and intended to go alone and had taken the lead thus far, should give way to a girl at the most critical point and take second place? And yet that is the very thing I did. It seemed to be a matter of course. I won't admit that I was frightened, but my nerves were strung up and my heart thumping away like a trip hammer, and I'm sure I was the more frustrated of the two. Mary moved to the right, passed within ten feet of the large tent, in which we heard the sleepers snoring and sighing, and presently stopped before a smaller one. The sides were made of brush, and the roof was a tarpaulin. Certain smells indicated that it was the cookhouse. When satisfied on this point, we passed along to the third structure. This was also a rude affair, but there were men asleep inside.

It was so dark that when we stood in the door and peered around we could not make out a thing. There might be half a dozen men in there, and Captain Clark might be one of them, but how were we to ascertain? My heart went down like a lump of lead as I realized the difficulties, and I whispered to Mary:

"We have made the trip for nothing. How are we to find the captain in the darkness?"

"We must take some risks," she whispered in reply. "I am going to strike a match and have a look. If we raise an alarm, the first idea of the men



He was wide awake and raised his head to look at us.

will be to rush out. We must fire on them and drive them into the woods, trusting they will leave the captain behind."

That was the proper way to do it, but I should never have thought of it. Not had I been alone. I should have turned back at this point, feeling that the difficulties were too great for me to surmount. I handed Mary a couple of matches, made ready to open fire, and she moved inside and struck a light. As she held the blazing match up I counted eight men lying on heaps of brush and leaves they had gathered for beds, and right in the center of them, bound hand and foot, was Captain Clark. He was wide awake and raised his head to look at us.

I tell you, and I felt it to my shame, though I stood guard and had the guns to carry, Mary stepped right over those sleeping men, cut the prisoner's bonds with a knife I gave her, and then helped him up and held him on his feet until the blood circulated and he could use his limbs. They came out hand in hand, the captain took the rifle I handed him, and we made our way back to the beach without a word having been spoken on the way. The captain did not even know who we were. It was not until we were safely aboard that he knew, and not until we were back that it was generally known Mary and I had been absent. It was a joyful reunion, you may be sure. Captain Clark had suffered no injury or privation, but he had been lame to realize the desperate mood the men were in, and that many of them were for killing him offhand no matter about the ship. Only half an hour before our arrival one of the men was awake and cursing him. Truly, but luck was on our side in that expedition!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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